The user wants a second-person POV transformation story set in the Hazbin Hotel universe, where the reader transforms into a male seraphim angel. The story should include physical and mental changes, an art style shift, and an enjoyable ticklish sensation throughout the transformation. The story should be a novel-length piece for a 21-year-old audience.

The world around you shifts, the familiar mundane replaced by an ethereal city bathed in golden light. Buildings of shimmering crystal and cloud-like structures stretch towards a sky of endless blue. You blink, disoriented, the scent of something sweet and floral filling your nostrils. Where were you? This wasn't your apartment, your city, your… life? Panic claws at your throat, but before you can fully process the shift, a warmth begins to spread through you, a gentle tickle that starts in your toes and quickly works its way up.

"Oh, you're awake!" A voice, melodic and bright, cuts through your confusion. You turn, and your breath hitches. Standing before you is a woman, a seraphim angel, her form radiating a gentle light. She has silver hair, a kind smile, and six magnificent white wings. Her eyes, a soft periwinkle, are filled with warmth. "Welcome back!"

"Back…?" You manage, your voice sounding strange, unfamiliar. The tickle intensifies, spreading through your limbs, your torso, your very core. It's… pleasant. Comforting. You find yourself wanting to laugh, a giggle bubbling up from your chest.

"Yes, back," she says, her voice like a gentle chime. "Back to yourself. It's alright, you're safe now. Just… wake up."

Wake up? From what? The world around you seems to shimmer, the edges of reality blurring. Your skin prickles, a tingling sensation spreading across your body. You glance down, and your hands… they're changing. The skin is bleaching, becoming a pure, flawless white. Large, red circles bloom on your cheeks, and your eyelids shift to a light blue. Your fingers… one disappears, leaving you with four. The tickle intensifies, morphing into a full-blown, delightful sensation. You can't help it; a chuckle escapes your lips, then a full-blown laugh.

"What… what's happening to me?" You ask, the words barely audible over your own laughter. Your clothes feel… wrong. Heavy. You feel a tug, a shift, and the clothes you were wearing are gone, replaced by a white angelic robe with light blue rims and long sleeves, golden rims on the high collar, on the back of the robe, and a golden shooting star-like symbol on the chest area. You also feel a pair of heeled white boots on your feet.

"It's okay," the seraphim says, her smile widening. "You're remembering. You're coming home."

Home? You don't remember a home. You don't remember… anything, really, before this moment. The laughter bubbles up again, a joyous, unrestrained sound. Your hair shifts, restyling itself, bleaching to blonde. Your height shrinks, and your voice… it's higher, younger, more melodic. You feel a gentle pressure on your back, and a pair of massive, feathered white wings with yellow edges erupt from your back, causing a ticklish sensation.

"I… I don't…" You try to speak, but the words are lost in a wave of laughter. Your mind feels… lighter. Memories, or what you thought were memories, are fading, replaced by a sense of… belonging. You feel a glowing golden halo appear over your head. You feel a comforting tickle in your mind, and you are now completely forgetting your mortal human self.

"You are a seraphim, my love," the seraphim says, her voice soft. "You always have been. You were born in Heaven, created from a simple light by Asherah herself. You are not a human. You are not a saint. You are a heavenborn angel, and you are home."

The tickle in your mind intensifies, erasing the last vestiges of your former self. You are no longer confused, no longer scared. You are… happy. You are… you. You remember your angelic name. You remember your powers. You remember your girlfriend. You remember your love for circus imagery, rubber ducks, singing, caramel apples, pancakes, musical instruments, girls, and polka music. You remember your dislike for sinners demons, someone teasing about your short height, seeing your sister or your parents sad, your sister or your parents getting in harm's way, seeing your girlfriend sad, and your girlfriend getting in harm's way. You remember your grandiose and dramatic nature, acting very over-the-top in most situations.

The transformation is complete. The tickle fades, leaving behind a sense of peace and joy. You look at the seraphim before you, and a smile spreads across your face.

"Hello," you say, your voice clear and bright. "It's good to be home."

"I knew you'd remember," she says, her eyes sparkling. "Now, let's go. There's a whole Heaven waiting for us."

You take her hand, and together, you soar into the sky, ready to embrace your true self.